



*Or Cora Deeded Me Gilberts Something Just Got Into Him Duck-Footed Bowling Eye Ball*

I went out last night.

Gee whiz the world outside my head is dynamic, beautiful and  
interesting - maybe I'll try it more often?

No, nothing's better than composition notebook writing

"sexy guy

creepy hipster

How many goatee's?

Cynical of me

Doc Halliday is becoming expert  
at the environmental consequence of  
drumroll this phrase.....

**Semi-Feral Pigs East of Gilroy**

Can't you just hear the 78 Jagger singing  
*Never be your semiferal pig east of gilroy*  
*ruttet too far my snout is hurting*

Gilbert, Where you got the Cast Iron Duck Foot I do not know  
nor where the severally dozen lovely mocha lidded brown brown  
babydolleyes: the Bowling Ball, yes, and the 15/16ths inch drill  
bit chucked to the press bored all these sockets it stopped me at  
Cora's Stall at the "Worlds Largest Swap Meet" in Nipomo, 1997:  
\$85.00 She wanted, I didn't really object, offered \$60.00 she said  
no my cousin Gilbert is a machinist he made this is my Logo  
I asked:

- Is he an Artist?

Cora, a Filipina(merican), said

- No, something just got into him.

I just didn't know if i liked it or not, hung out a long time trying to  
decide where on this see-saw of ambivalence - Attraction? or Revulsion  
I fell to the Duckfooted Bowling Eyeball fell for me I was suspicious  
then and remain, of acquiring new things. Finally, I knew my \$60 or  
even \$85.00 was better to remain in my wallet. Returned one year  
later, there DFBEBall still was, the price had dropped to \$75.00 I  
once again hung out a long time inquiring of self did I like it or not -  
I did not know

One year later awoke a Saturday Morning and Knew, Nipomo is 280  
miles from my home but close to my heart and drove and there it  
was, waiting finally, for my hesitation to end Cora Smiled I said

- I want your Bowling Ball

Cora Smiled

- You want my Logo

Yes, your reason, your logic, your veritable CBS I did not say

just reached for my wallet, Gave her \$85.00

Cora said

- No, its Seventy Five

I took it home and for a while everything changed my lonely evaporated

before these very eyes I loved it so it looked at me constantly this gaze

so sweet, admiring, revering, kind regard one moment stopped and

multiplied so many times stops her, her; suddenly now I fretted for the

earthquake might knock it over my lack of renters insurance, now con-

cerned as I had never been to lock my windows and doors I hold it

like an oversized brandy snifter glass between two fingers two and 3

and invert her

all those eyes slowly

softly clicking shutter

shudder closed like four dozen velvet

locks clicking, closing, sleeping, seeing